

The Evening World

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THE MOUNTING TOTAL.

WHEN will the war end? France answers ofttest. But her answers continue grimly negative: There can be no peace before the attainment of victory, before adequate reparation is made. Although victory is certain, it will require hard and prolonged efforts to break Prussian militarism and prevent recurrence of its crimes. Thus ex-Premier Viviani, who is Minister of Justice in the present Cabinet. His predecessor, Brienne Martin, declares: The French will not submit to the peace of the German Emperor. . . . They will accept only such a peace as assures them legitimate reparation. Reparation. In the international vocabulary the term means offest money. In 1871, under the category of reparations, Germany exacted an indemnity of \$1,000,000,000 from the France its army had overrun. That war lasted a scant seven months. The total losses of the Germans were but 28,000 killed and 101,000 wounded and disabled. The French lost 156,000 dead and 143,000 wounded. Though the bill was a big one the French paid it in three years. But they have not forgotten it. In destructiveness the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 compared with the present terrific struggle was a skirmish. The damage charges now piling up—reparation for ruined cities, ravaged provinces and disrupted industry, plus even a percentage of return for the billions expended upon armies and munitions—will make a total to stagger the imagination. Unhappy the nation and its unborn generations that must pay it or any part of it! France is not the only country that is keeping stern account.

THE BARBERS' STRIKE.

THE strike microbe has been at work in the barbers' shops, and yesterday more than half the barbers in the city quit work—with "no chance of arbitration," according to their leaders, unless "the masters" concede their demands.

"Our men are sick of working for gratuities from barber shop patrons," so General Organizer Fielder is quoted. "They consider themselves the most skilled artisans in organized labor. Their tools have the keenest edges and they have to work upon the tenderest parts of the body. Consequently they feel they should be paid for their skilled labor and not dependent upon patrons for gratuities."

Nobody denies the highly skilled nature of the barber's craft or fails to recognize its perilous niceties and responsibilities. When does a man ever put himself so completely at the mercy of another as when he does while being shaved?

In earlier times the barber's trade was dignified with the title of profession. "Barber-surgeons" were incorporated as such in France and England, their art being regarded as closely allied with that of surgery. Everybody went to the barber's shop to hear the latest news and gossip, and the barber often provided flutes or violins to entertain his patrons. He was an institution.

The barber of to-day has ground for maintaining the dignity of his occupation. But is he honestly ready to give up his tips? Tipping in barber shops has grown to be one of the accepted impositions practised upon a timid and docile public. With higher wages and the increased charges to customers which are pretty sure to follow, will the barbers consent to "No Tipping" signs? We wonder what a vote would show?

NATURE'S RIGHTS.

NEW regulations tightening the closed seasons on migratory waterfowl and birds are defended by the Federal Advisory Committee of the Migratory Bird Law on the ground of "the utter impossibility of even attempting to satisfy all who desire to shoot migratory birds."

As the committee points out, the American people are notoriously a nation of wasters. Animals and birds have not been spared in the exuberant and unthinking destruction of the country's natural resources:

The wild or passenger pigeon that formerly swarmed over Eastern North America in countless millions has become extinct. The American bison, found on the great plains of the West, was slaughtered by hide hunters to the point of extermination. The great auk, the Eskimo curlew, the Labrador duck, the Carolina parakeet, have been exterminated.

There are many other valuable North American birds that are candidates for extinction, including the whooping crane, trumpeter swan, American flamingo, roseate spoonbill, scarlet ibis, long-billed curlew, upland plover, Hudsonian godwit, red-breasted sandpiper, golden plover, dowitcher, willet, pectoral sandpiper, black-capped petrel, American egret, snowy egret, wood duck, black-tailed phalarope, heath hen, sage grouse, white-tailed kite, prairie sharpshin, plumed grouse and woodcock.

Most of these birds are insect killers. Some of them have a high value as food. Not to speak of the pleasure they bring to millions of people who find as much enjoyment in seeing and hearing living things as in killing them.

Nature produces generously and tirelessly so long as human beings give her the necessary time to replace what they take from her.

Most Americans are by this time sufficiently enlightened to understand the need of game laws and to regard it as a patriotic duty to see that they are conscientiously observed.

Letters From the People

We know of No Such Book. To the Editor of The Evening World: Where can I get directory of all office tenants in Manhattan office buildings? J. P. R.

No. To the Editor of The Evening World: Does the postponement of the opening of schools apply to City College? V. N.

In the Hospital. To the Editor of The Evening World: Was the deformed Bollinger baby that was born in Chicago born at home or in the hospital? C. E.

Consult World Travel Bureau. To the Editor of The Evening World: Would like to find a good boarding house or hotel at beach where there are no breakers. J. J.

Chief of Staff. To the Editor of The Evening World: Is Gen. von Falkenhayn Chief of the German Staff or Commander-in-Chief in the west? A. READER.

No. To the Editor of The Evening World: Is it necessary for an up-State resident to show a health certificate upon entering New York City? J. H.

Can You Beat It?

By Maurice Ketten



Just a Wife (Her Diary.)

Edited by Janet Trevor

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CHAPTER XVI.

OCT. 8.—I had an interesting conversation with Bertha this morning. She returned before breakfast, the morning after the day I allowed her to spend with her mother, and assured me that the latter was getting well quickly. She seemed so frankly grateful to me for allowing her to go home without a protest that I had the courage to follow her into the kitchen to-day after Ned's departure and to ask her how she had learned to cook so well.

"My mother taught me, ma'am," she replied.

"Tell me about it, if you don't mind," I said hesitantly. I had a reason for asking other than idle curiosity, for during the last two days I had come to an important decision.

"My mother was a German woman," Bertha replied. "And you know all the Germans, even the great ladies, who played in the streets when they were trained to care for a house and to prepare food. I came to this country with my father and mother when I was three years old. My younger sister, the one now staying with my mother, was a baby. And I had still a third sister who was a little girl of ten. Her name was Maria."

"Already she was helping my mother about the house. But she went to school, and came to know little American girls who did nothing at home, who played in the streets when they were not at school and who already were talking about the time when they would go to the shops or factories to work."

"Mother wanted Maria to be a servant, to work in some home. But Maria didn't see it. She even tried to help my mother as little as she possibly could. She said housework was drudgery and that she hated it. As soon as she could get her working papers she became a cashgirl in a store."

"She lived at home and gave her money to my mother, who gave her back out for her carfare and lunches and who bought her clothes. But Maria was not satisfied. Always she wanted more hats, more ribbons, and she went out evenings a great deal. Finally, one morning, she did not come out of her room. My mother went in. Maria said that she had gone away with a man whom she had met in the store, a man who loved her and who was rich and could give her many beautiful things."

"I was only ten, but I can remember how my mother's face looked when she came out of that room. And I can remember her low, terrible voice when she said, 'Bertha, I tell you something now. You never work in a store or a factory. You learn housework, work a work, and when you leave me you go into some good home.'"

"So I did," Bertha concluded, in matter-of-fact tones. "I learned all my mother can teach me, and then I got out as a servant."

"Bertha," I said, "I'm going to tell you something about me. I didn't play with your sister when I was little, but I was one of those American girls who never help their mothers about the house, who never are taught by their mothers to cook and clean."

"So?" said Bertha. "But you are rich; you do not need to know such things."

"Bertha," I said, "I'm going to tell you something about me. I didn't play with your sister when I was little, but I was one of those American girls who never help their mothers about the house, who never are taught by their mothers to cook and clean."

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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A MAN is grateful to the woman who makes him laugh, admires the woman who makes him think, adores the woman who makes him suffer—and marries the woman who makes him comfortable.

No man ever seems to doubt that, if the outside of a girl's head is duffy and attractive enough, the brains can be injected.

Nowadays, a girl is no more frightened at the thought of being an "old maid" than she is at the thought of a mouse, a cow, or of having to work for a living.

Optimism is that blind faith which makes a man believe that he can crawl out of a love affair as easily as he can fall into one.

The most appalling moment in life, love or poker is not when you lose the game but when you lose your interest in it.

Strike at a man's vanity and you make a dent in his love.

As long as there are spots on the sun, thorns on rose bushes and flaws in jewels, it doesn't seem quite reasonable for a man to expect a woman to be a plu-perfect combination of a saint, a solon, a living picture, a siren, a sewing machine and a sofa pillow.

When a man reaches thirty without ever having "lost his heart" it's a sign that he hasn't any.

Make yourself over according to a man's ideal—and watch him find another "ideal."

How Meerschaum Pipes Are Made.

MEERSCHAUM pipe making is one of the most interesting processes of the American mid-West. In northern times the meerschaum comes from abroad. Just now that export trade has stopped, the pipemakers of Cincinnati get it from others at home—wherever it may be bought. It is shipped in white blocks resembling ivory. But the substance is considerably whiter than the usual elephant tusk and very much lighter. In fact, the lightness of a given block of meerschaum is astonishing, considering the Popular Science Monthly for September.

Most of the best meerschaum is brought from Turkey in Europe. It arrives in little chests, or kasten, within which each separate piece of the substance is found securely wrapped in cotton.

Cutting the meerschaum—the first step in pipe manufacture—is done with an ordinary saw. A good workman can cut the forms for perhaps two dozen pipes from the raw material in a single working day. These rough forms are drawn

into cold water to soak. In the water they are left until the supply desired is cut up and the man ready to go on with the pipes.

Rudely resembling the ultimate pipe, each form is taken in hand and a hole drilled into the pipe head. Into this hole—the future "bowl" of the pipe—a plug, on a nearby lathe, must fit. With the emery pipe mounted on this "shaping" is begun.

For the next step in the process old-fashioned rushes are used—cut into slits and employed for polishing the pipes. Usually the rushes are moistened for such use. They impart a polish which, it appears, cannot be otherwise obtained.

Neatly shaped and polished, your meerschaum pipe must be subjected to still another process. The pipe is boiled in common beer's wax, because no piece of meerschaum in the raw state will "color" as smokers require. After this boiling the pipes are permitted to cool. Then they are given another polishing—the time with cotton flannel sheets and prepared chalk. Even that does not suffice. There must still go to that pipe a final hand-polishing, done with alcohol.

A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envious virtue in others.

who never help their mothers about the house, who never are taught by their mothers to cook and clean."

"So?" said Bertha. "But you are rich; you do not need to know such things."

"Bertha," I said, "I'm going to tell you something about me. I didn't play with your sister when I was little, but I was one of those American girls who never help their mothers about the house, who never are taught by their mothers to cook and clean."

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett.

Is Your Business Suffering From Arterio Sclerosis?

EVERY salesman knows that, as a rule, the most difficult concern to which to sell any time or labor saving device or any constructive business service is the conservative old firm which feels securely entrenched behind its record of a generation's success. And these are the concerns which are in greatest danger of disaster.

"This attitude is a symptom of incipient arterio sclerosis, or hardening of the arteries. The mental arteries of such an organization become so encrusted with a lime-like deposit composed of equal parts of inertia, complacency and prejudice that eventually they become utterly impervious to the influx of life-giving, regenerative ideas; vigorous young competitors secure all the new business which develops and gradually annex a good many of their old customers, and finally comes failure, or, at best, liquidation."

"Only the other day I was talking to an old timer who has desk room in a downtown office building, and occasionally sells a little belting. 'A few years ago I was doing a big business,' he related. 'But now there's no business to be done. The advent of motor-driven machinery has destroyed the business. Some of the manufacturers are getting desperate.'"

"He continued. 'They've started advertising! He picked up a copy of a technical magazine and pointed to a belting ad. 'Look at that!' he exclaimed. 'Isn't that a joke? This man advertises that the leather he uses is carefully selected and that he buys only that from the side of the animal opposite to that upon which it habitually lies. He claims that they lie on one side only. I happen to know who is responsible for that wasted money. It's a young college fellow who inherited his father's business. The old gentleman would turn in his grave if he knew how the son was making ducks and drakes of his money. Advertising may pay in some lines of business. It's a sheer waste of money to spend it on pushing belting.'"

"And before she could be stayed she had slipped past him and pre-empted that spraying cooler."

Just for that Mr. Jarr marched out of the house and down to Gus's place on the corner.

"Gimme a big, cold, tall one, Gus!" he gasped and clung to the bar rail with an "I am saved!" expression.

"I just tapped a fresh keg," said Gus, "and it's just off the wagon; you get her wait about ten minutes before it gets cold in the ice coils."

"Wait ten minutes for a glass of beer in a saloon?" cried Mr. Jarr. "I'll go some place else."

"I don't care," said Gus calmly. "Your trade ain't worth much, and there ain't any money in beer these days, anyhow. The hard stuff is the only thing that pays."

"Make me a rickety while I'm waiting," replied Mr. Jarr, looking out onto the torrid street and reflecting how far it was to the next place.

"I ain't got any lime," said Gus. "Anyhow, it ain't good for you. Take a straight drink."

"I don't want a straight drink," replied Mr. Jarr. "Be a good fellow, Gus. Fix me up a big cold julep or something. Plenty of cracked ice."

"I ain't got no mint," said Gus. "Gee! But I never seen such a fussy feller as you are. Ain't you satisfied with anything but something I ain't got?"

"What's the matter with you?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, it's too hot to fuss," replied Gus, "or I'd tell you what's the matter with me. You better go home if you don't think you get treated right by me."

Mr. Jarr was going to say he didn't get treated right at home, either, but concluded not to mention it, as Gus didn't appear to be in the mood to pity anybody just then.

"Let me have a glass of beer, Gus?" begged Mr. Jarr. "It's cold enough now."

"No, it ain't," said Gus. "My mother is a pleased customer is the best advertisement," mumbled Mr. Jarr. "By George! Would anybody believe it? This place might as well be a hardware store for all the comfort it is to a man just now."

"And he walked out and to his home, where Mr. Jarr, cool and radiant from her shower bath, and in a fresh white wrapper, asked him why he had come home fussing about the heat simply as a means to rush out to the saloon and drink beer—"Which," as Mrs. Jarr sagely remarked, "only makes you warmer. Look at you now!"

Stories of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces.

By Albert Payson Terhune

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THE THEORY AND THE POUND. by O. Henry.

WILSON WILLIAMS of Chatham County, Kentucky, killed his wife and then vanished. For two years no clue to his hiding place could be found. Then Taylor Plunkett, the new sheriff of Chatham County, learned in a roundabout way that the murderer was running a coconut grove in the tiny South American island of Ratona. And in Ratona went Plunkett, armed with extradition papers.

Plunkett had never seen Williams, but he had heard him described. So he applied to the United States Consul at Ratona for information about his man. From the Consul he learned there were only two other Americans on the island—Bob Reeves and Henry Morgan, that they both were coconut growers and that Williams's description fitted both of them pretty well.

The Consul took Plunkett out to see the two, in the fervent hope that he might find out which of them was Wade Williams.

Reeves and Morgan were chums and shared the same house. Plunkett and the Consul found them at dinner. The two "suspects" did not look alike. Yet the Sheriff could see that his description of Williams was a tolerably good word-painting of either of them.

The coconut growers welcomed Plunkett cordially and invited him to stay to dinner. Neither of them showed the slightest nervousness at his visit. He knew that one of them was Wade Williams. But which? Plunkett hit on a bold idea. Looking straight between them, yet keenly noting the face of each, he said, very quietly: "Wade Williams, you are under arrest for murder."

The two men looked from Plunkett to each other and then back again with an air of mild surprise.

"I'll explain," said Plunkett. "One of you don't need any explanation. This is for the other one. I know I'll get stuck for damages if I make a mistake. But I'm going to get the right man."

He told in a few words the story of the murder. Both of the men broke into a laugh at the odd dilemma that confronted the Sheriff.

"Williams!" shouted Plunkett suddenly.

Both looked at him, but neither looked flustered. The trick had failed. Plunkett went on to say:

"For five years Williams made his wife lead the life of a dog. He would up the five years of neglect by striking her when she was ill. She died next day, and he skipped."

Still no flush or tremor of guilt from Morgan or Reeves. Plunkett began to realize that his work was to be harder than he had expected.

Just then a hound belonging to the chums strolled into the dining room, wagging his tail and walking toward the table. Plunkett, swearing luridly, whirled around and gave the dog a kick that sent the poor brute flying across the room.

Reeves and the Consul glanced up in astonishment at the stolid Sheriff's queer flurry of temper. But Morgan, purple with fury, yelled at him:

"You brute! Why did you do that?"

With the spring of a tiger Plunkett was upon the indignant Morgan and snapped the handcuffs on his wrists, crying: "Hound lover and woman killer! Get ready to meet your God!"

Yes, Plunkett had the right man. How had he known? He explained it in this way:

"I'm a Kentuckian and I've seen a great deal of both men and animals. And I never yet saw a man that was overfond of horses and dogs but who was cruel to women!"

Nations, like men, fail in nothing which they boldly attempt when they are sustained by virtuous purpose and firm resolution.—CLAY.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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MR. JARR came in the other evening with his collar and tie. His coat and vest, all in one hand, while he fanned himself with a newspaper with the other.

"Do you mean to tell me you came through the streets half dressed like this?" inquired Mrs. Jarr.

"But for my inherent modesty I would go abroad wearing nothing except a light covering of tattoo," replied Mr. Jarr. "Ah, the hot spell brings us back to the old brave, primitive days when a man was clothed in his right mind and, perchance, an amulet or string of beads."

"Oh, all this talk of hot weather is what makes people think it is warm," said Mrs. Jarr. "I darkened the rooms and sat by the window with some lead tea and it didn't seem so warm. And no matter if it was warm, that doesn't excuse you for being untidy."

And, so saying, Mrs. Jarr waved a palm leaf fan and dusted herself on the nose with her ever handy powder pad.

"Well, I know what I'm going to do," said Mr. Jarr, as he hung up his coat and hat. "I'm going to take a shower bath."

"You're not going to do anything of the kind!" replied Mrs. Jarr. "Gertrude has just shined the bright work in the bathroom and you'll get it all tarnished again."

"What's the shower bath for," asked Mr. Jarr, "an ornament?"

"Well," said Mrs. Jarr, "now that you have reminded me of it, I think I'll take a shower bath myself."

And before she could be stayed she had slipped past him and pre-empted that spraying cooler.

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Facts Not Worth Knowing

By Arthur Baer

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FLATBUSH architect has invented a new cellar that can't be upset.

By draining off the water of Lake Goofus, the management of Goofus House has enabled its guests to remain perfectly dry while swimming.

A new collapsible shoe lace has just been placed on the market which is so scientifically constructed that the wearer's arms are free to run an automobile if he owns one.

It is poor form to count the huckleberries your host gives you for dessert.

In order to get the best results from a pair of shoes the wearer should be directly north of them.

A correspondence school guarantees to teach its students to play the graphophone in 345 lessons.